TOMORROW THE SNOWMAN WILL KILL YOU!

PSYCHO

T.M.

75¢
47789
NO. 20
AUGUST
1974

JUNGLE OF THE VAMPIRE BATS!

THE BURIAL VAULT OF PRIMAL ELD!

WEIRD TALES OF SUSPENSE AND HORROR!

FABA

THE MASK OF THE RED DEATH!

...THERE WAS ONE SUITABLE VICTIM...
ooo ME!
YOU' ARE A FOOL, HEINDRICH...ALL THE TIME LEADING US ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE AFTER A VICTIM... WHEN YOU ARE EMINENTLY SUITABLE...
YOU WILL SERVE AS OUR FIRST HUMAN SACRIFICE...

NOSFERATU

— in SCREAM #7, now on sale, NOSFERATU introduces HORSCH HEINDRICK — warmonger — murderor — monster — madman — a SATANIST in search of a VICTIM — miss it not — it's totally WEIRD!

-at quality Horror-Mood newsstands-

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

PSYCHO

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...EUROPE, THE TURN OF THE CENTURY-- THIS WAIF IS A VICTIM OF AN APATHETIC SOCIETY...

... FOOD SIR?... A LITTLE SOUP... A LITTLE BLACK BREAD?... I'M STARVING SIR...

FOOD? ARE THERE NO WORKHOUSES? ARE THERE NO ORPHANAGES?...

... THEY CLOSED THE WORKHOUSES SIR-- THEY SAID THEY WERE CRUEL... THEY WON'T LET ME IN ORPHANAGES... I AM TOO OLD...

I AM 10 YEARS OLD...

...SO YOU COME TO ME FOR FOOD EH? YOU EXPECT ME TO FEED YOU EH?

JUST A LITTLE BREAD SIR... IS ALL I NEED...

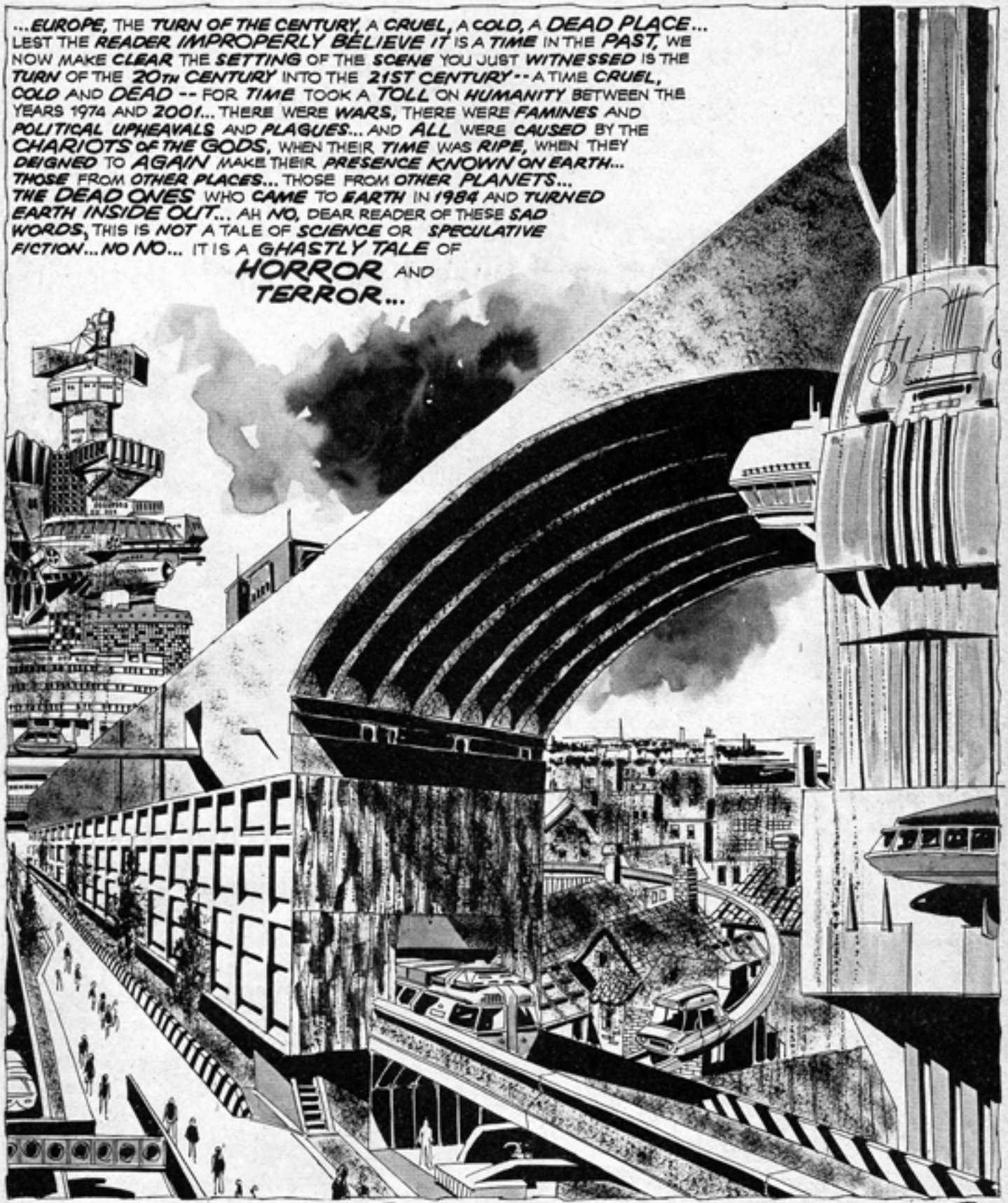
WELL, ALRIGHT, WAIT JUST A MINUTE...

...EUROPE, AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY-- A BRUTAL AND CRUEL PLACE...

...WITH A SLICE OF HARD, BLACK BREAD, THE WAIF IS SATIATED - FOR A TIME - TILL TOMORROW, WHEN HER STOMACH WILL GRUMBLE AGAIN -- AND AGAIN DEMAND FOOD... AND TOMORROW SHE MIGHT NOT GET IT! EUROPE, AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY -- A BRUTAL, COLD, HARSH, CRUEL PLACE...

... HERE CHILD...

OH THANK YOU SIR... THANK YOU...

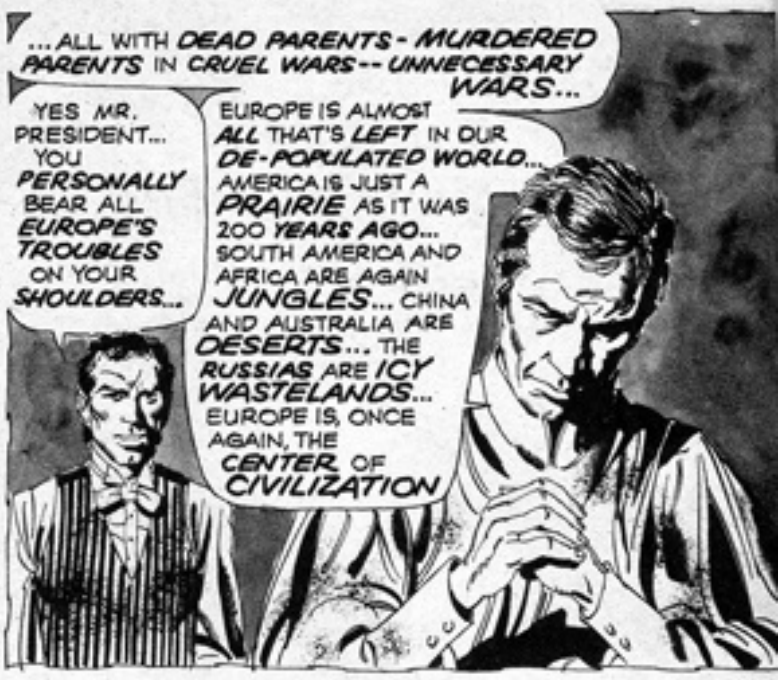

...EUROPE, THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, A CRUEL, A COLD, A DEAD PLACE... LEST THE READER IMPROPERLY BELIEVE IT IS A TIME IN THE PAST, WE NOW MAKE CLEAR THE SETTING OF THE SCENE YOU JUST WITNESSED IS THE TURN OF THE 20TH CENTURY INTO THE 21ST CENTURY -- A TIME CRUEL, COLD AND DEAD -- FOR TIME TOOK A TOLL ON HUMANITY BETWEEN THE YEARS 1974 AND 2001... THERE WERE WARS, THERE WERE FAMINES AND POLITICAL UPHEAVALS AND PLAGUES... AND ALL WERE CAUSED BY THE CHARIOTS OF THE GODS, WHEN THEIR TIME WAS RIPE, WHEN THEY DEIGNED TO AGAIN MAKE THEIR PRESENCE KNOWN ON EARTH... THOSE FROM OTHER PLACES... THOSE FROM OTHER PLANETS... THE DEAD ONES WHO CAME TO EARTH IN 1984 AND TURNED EARTH INSIDE OUT... AH NO, DEAR READER OF THESE SAD WORDS, THIS IS NOT A TALE OF SCIENCE OR SPECULATIVE FICTION... NO NO... IT IS A GHASTLY TALE OF HORROR AND TERROR...

...READ ON... AND MEET:

THE Dead AND THE Superdead

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON ILLUSTRATED BY CARDONA

WHO WAS IT JOEL?...
IT WAS A CHILD, MR. PRESIDENT... I GAVE HER SOME BREAD...
...A WAIF?...
YES... A WAIF SIR... RAGGED... STARVING... THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM THESE DAYS... THERE ARE CONSTANT KNOCKS ON THE DOOR FROM CHILDREN...


...ALL WITH DEAD PARENTS - MURDERED PARENTS IN CRUEL WARS -- UNNECESSARY WARS...
YES MR. PRESIDENT... YOU PERSONALLY BEAR ALL EUROPE'S TROUBLES ON YOUR SHOULDERS...
EUROPE IS ALMOST ALL THAT'S LEFT IN OUR DE-POPULATED WORLD... AMERICA IS JUST A PRAIRIE AS IT WAS 200 YEARS AGO... SOUTH AMERICA AND AFRICA ARE AGAIN JUNGLES... CHINA AND AUSTRALIA ARE DESERTS... THE RUSSIAS ARE ICY WASTELANDS... EUROPE IS, ONCE AGAIN, THE CENTER OF CIVILIZATION

...PRESIDENT EMIL WATTS, PRESIDENT OF EUROPE, PRESIDENT OF ALL THAT IS LEFT IN THE WORLD... THAT IS... ALL THAT IS LEFT THAT IS HUMAN...

...FOR WHEN HE SPEAKS OF THE UNITED STATES AS PRAIRIES, HE IGNORES THE BEINGS WHO LIVE IN CAVES... WHO DWELL IN RUINS... WHO NUMBER IN THE MILLIONS... BUT... THEY ARE NOT PEOPLE...

...AND WHEN **PRESIDENT WATTS** SPEAKS OF **RUSSIA** AS AN **ICY WASTELAND,** HE SPEAKS NOT OF THE **THINGS-WHO-HAVE-NO-NAMES...** THE **SHOGGOTH-LIKE MONSTROSITIES** WHO ONCE **DWELLED WITHIN** THE **CENTER OF THE EARTH,** WHO **SURFACED** TO AGAIN **REBUILD** THEIR **WEIRD SOCIETY** ATOP AN **AWFUL** AND **FORSAKEN POLAR PLATEAU...**

...AND WHEN THE PRESIDENT TALKS OF **AFRICA** AND **SOUTH AMERICA** AS HAVING **REVERTED** TO PURELY **JUNGLE SOCIETIES,** HE MENTIONS **NOT** THE **MUTANT APES** WHO **NOW,** WITH **DEVELOPED,** THOUGH WARPED, **BRAINS, RULE** THE **JUNGLES** AND **ALL** THE **ANIMALS THEREIN** WITH AN **UGLINESS** THAT WOULD HAVE **APPALLED ATTILA THE HUN...**

...AND WHEN THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS OF **CHINA** AND **AUSTRALIA** AS **DESERTS,** HE SAYS **NOTHING** OF THE GREAT **AVALANCHES, EARTHQUAKES** AND **PHENOMENA** WHICH HAVE **RAISED CORAL REEFS** AND **SUNK** GREAT **VOLCANOES,** AND THEREBY **BRIDGED** A MIGHTY **GAP** BETWEEN THE **TWO CONTINENTS,** WHERE NOW **DERANGED LIZARDS** AND **BEASTS-PREHISTORIC-LIKE** PROWL THE **VAST, ENDLESS DESERTS** AND **KILL HUMANS** AS **FOOD...**

...PRESIDENT EMIL WATTS IS MERELY A MAN... BUT WITH THE WORLD IN ITS GREATLY IMPOVERISHED STATE, SOCIETIES COLLAPSING DAILY, STRIFE-FAMINE AND ANGER ON EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE, HE IS A MAN DESPERATELY SEARCHING FOR A LAST-SECOND SOLUTION, IN THE TRADITION OF MAN'S SURVIVAL INSTINCTS, WHICH, SINCE THE DAWN OF MANKIND HAS SUSTAINED HIM...

JOEL -- I'M GOING UP ON THE HILL...
YES SIR -- DO YOU WANT THE BODY-GUARDS NOTIFIED...
YES..TELL THEM I'M GOING... TELL THEM ALSO, THAT THEY MUST KEEP OUT OF MY WAY... I DON'T WANT THEM BREATHING DOWN MY NECK...

...I BEGGED AT MANY DOORS... ONLY ONE GAVE ME FOOD... THAT WAS YOUR HOUSE? THANK YOU SIR...
OH YES SIR... YES I WOULD!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO FOR A RIDE? UP TO THE HILL IN THE TRAIN?
WELL... COME ALONG THEN... TAKE MY HAND...

WHAT'S YOUR NAME CHILD? WHERE ARE YOU FROM?
MY NAME IS ANASTASIA... I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M FROM...
ANASTASIA IS A LOVELY NAME... IT'S RUSSIAN... YOU PROBABLY CAME HERE WHEN YOUR FATHER WAS TRANSFERRED HERE... WAS YOUR FATHER A SOLDIER.?
YES SIR... DADDY WAS A SOLDIER.
WELL, THAT'S PROBABLY IN THEN, EH? YOU ARE A RUSSIAN... DO YOU KNOW WHERE RUSSIA IS?
I'VE NEVER HEARD OF RUSSIA SIR.!
OH WELL... IT DOESN'T MATTER.!

HERE WE ARE...BE CAREFUL HOW YOU STEP OUT NOW...

LOOKOUT!

TAOOOFPP!
THOOP!

COULD YOU TELL ME SIR... COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED?
WHAT HAPPENED? I WOULD THINK YOU ARE TOO YOUNG TO KNOW THE WORLD ANY OTHER WAY THAN IT IS NOW!
A MAN TOLD ME IT WAS ONCE DIFFERENT -- HE WAS CRYING -- HE WAS THE ONLY MAN I'VE EVER SEEN CRY...

"... AROUND-ABOUT THE YEAR 1980 STRANGE THINGS STARTED HAPPENING ALL OVER THE WORLD... POLITICALLY THE WORLD WAS RATHER QUIET... EUROPE HAD BECOME A MAJOR POWER, WITH A CENTRAL GOVERNMENT, AND THE WORLD WAS AT PEACE... BUT ALL OVER THE WORLD PEOPLE... INDIVIDUALS LIKE YOU AND I, THAT IS... BECAME VIOLENT AND THERE WAS MUCH UNREST IN THE HOME... MURDER WAS A VERY DAILY OCCURRENCE IN EVERY CITY... IT SOON GREW OUT OF POLICE CONTROL AND THERE WAS AN EPIDEMIC OF... OF 'MAYHEM' AND CHAOS...

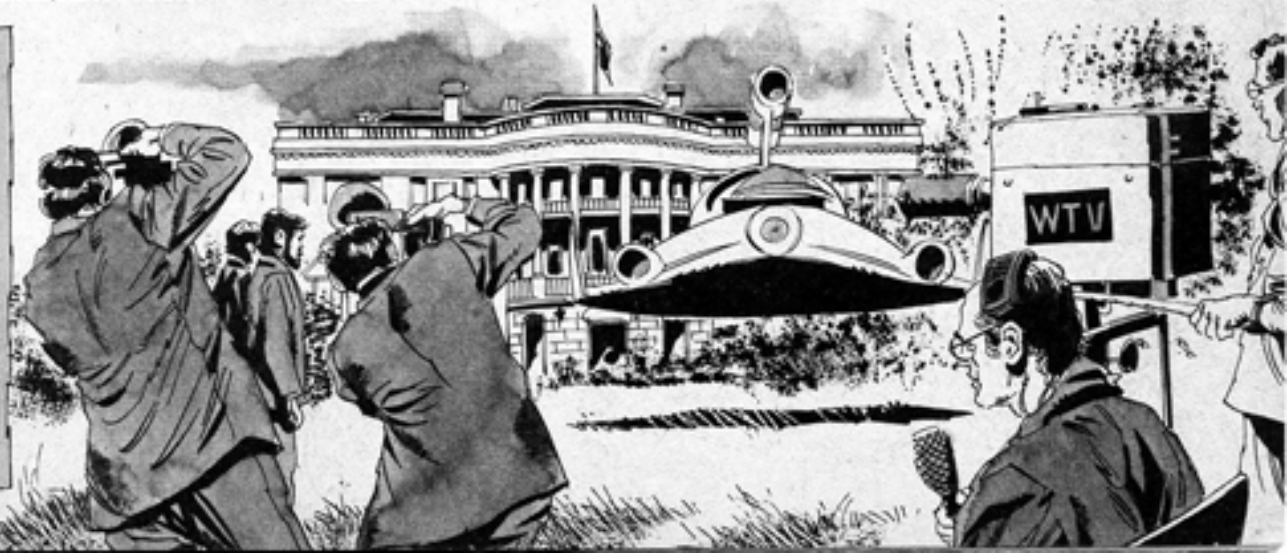
...PEOPLE WERE GOING **INSANE**... IT WAS AN **UNCONTROLLABLE** SITUATION... THE **MENTAL HOSPITALS** WERE **FULL** TO **OVERFLOWING**...

...**RIOTS**, FOR **NO REASON WHATSOEVER**, DAILY CAUSED THE **DEATH** OF **THOUSANDS** IN **CITY STREETS**...

...FINALLY, A VERY **HIGH GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL LEAKED** TO THE **PRESS** THE **BEST-KEPT TOP SECRET** IN THE **HISTORY OF ALL TIME**... THE **'FLYING SAUCERS'** THAT HAD FOR SO **LONG** BEEN A **JOKE**, WERE VERY **REAL**... VERY **REAL INDEED**... IT HAD BEEN A **KNOWN FACT** IN **HIGH GOVERNMENT** AND **MILITARY CIRCLES** FOR A **VERY LONG TIME**... **25 - 30 YEARS**...

...**SEVERAL THOUSAND YEARS AGO, EARTH** WAS **VISITED** BY **'BEINGS'** WHO LEFT THEIR MARK IN EARTH'S **ELEMENTARY SOCIETIES**, BY **ART**, BY **MATHEMATICS**, BY **MYTH** AND **SUPERSTITION** PASSED FROM **GENERATION** TO **GENERATION**... ON THEIR **FIRST** VISIT, THE BEINGS WERE **FRIENDLY** AND **CONSTRUCTIVE**...

...ON THEIR **SECOND VISIT**, REALIZED AFTER 30 **YEARS** OF **CLOSE OBSERVATION** OF **EARTH**, IN THE YEAR **1984** THEY MADE AN **ENTIRELY DIFFERENT IMPRESSION**...



...THE BEINGS WERE FROM A WORLD VERY VERY **ADVANCED,** BUT PHYSICALLY **DEAD**... THE **BODIES** OF THESE PEOPLE WERE **DEAD,** BUT THE **MINDS** OF THE **PEOPLE** WERE **MASSES** OF **ENERGY,** WHICH WERE VERY **POWERFUL,** AND WHICH COULD **INFILTRATE** THE **BODIES** OF THE **PEOPLE** OF EARTH -- YOU AND I, ANASTASIA... AND SIMPLY **TAKE OVER**...

...**MILLIONS** OF **PEOPLE** WERE **PUSHED OUT** OF THEIR **BODIES** BY THE **MINDS** OF THESE **VISITORS** WHO **JUMPED ABOUT** FROM **HUMAN BODY** TO **BODY** HOWEVER THEY **WISHED**...

...**WELL** CHILD... THERE WERE **WARS** AND THERE WERE **DEATHS** AND **ANNIHILATION** OF **ENTIRE SOCIETIES** AS A **RESULT**...

...AND WITH **HYDROGEN BOMBS** GOING OFF **ALL OVER THE WORLD** THERE WERE **UPHEAVALS** AND **CHANGES** IN THE VERY **SHAPE** OF THE **EARTH ITSELF**... **CONTINENTS SPLIT** AND **CONTINENTS JOINED**... AND **HOW** IT **IS** THAT THE **EARTH** DID NOT **FIND** ITSELF **UTTERLY WRENCHED** IN **TWO** IS **BEYOND** MY **UNSCIENTIFIC COMPREHENSION**...

...WHEN THE *INVADERS* **CAME**, THEY **BROUGHT WITH THEM** THE **DISEASE** THAT HAD **KILLED THEIR OWN EARTH** -- OUR **CROPS ROTTED**, OUR **ANIMALS**, AND OUR **NEW OFFSPRING**, WERE OFTEN **MUTATED, HORRID DISTORTIONS** OF WHAT WE HAD COME TO REGARD AS **'NORMAL'**...

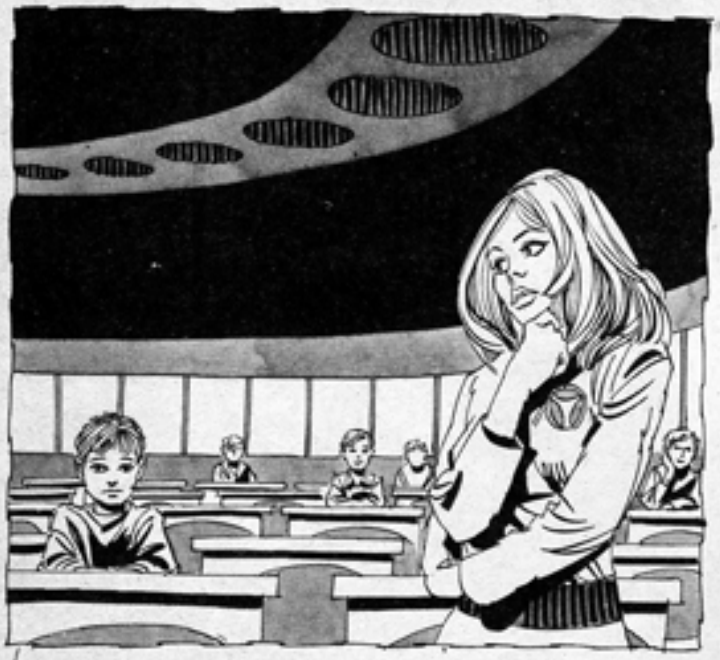
...THE **LEADERS** OF THE **EARTH** THREW UP THEIR HANDS IN **DESPAIR**... THEY COULD NOT **COMBAT** SUCH A **MENACE** AS ONE **WITHIN** OUR **OWN MINDS**... WHAT COULD WE **DO**... **KILL OURSELVES?** **FIGHT OURSELVES?** HOW COULD WE **WIN?** WHERE WAS THE **ENEMY.?**

...THE **PROBLEM** OF THE *INVADERS* RATHER **SOLVED ITSELF**... THE **DISEASE** THEY **CARRIED WITH THEM** HAD FOR **SO LONG** BEEN **EATING AWAY** AT THEIR **BRAINS** THAT BY THE TIME THEY MADE THEMSELVES **KNOWN TO EARTH** THEY WERE OF **DISORDERED CHARACTER** ANYWAY... THE **TRANSFORMATION** INTO **HUMAN BODIES**, AND THE SUBSEQUENT **SELF-ABUSE, DEBAUCHERIES, DECADENCE** AND **HORRORS KILLED THEM**... BY **1990** THEY HAD **KILLED THEMSELVES**...

...BUT THEY HAD **ALREADY BROUGHT EARTH** TO THE **GATES OF RUIN** AND **DAMNATION**... THE PEOPLE OF THE **EARTH** WERE **HUMAN WRECKS**... **EMACIATED, EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED,** AMIDST **CHAOS**... THEY COULD NOT **RETRIEVE** THE **SOPHISTICATION** THEY HAD **LOST**...

...AND THE **DISEASE**... THE **DISEASE** WAS BY 1995 SO **EATING AWAY** AT **ALL** ON **EARTH** THAT ALMOST **ALL HOPE** OF **RECOVERING ORDER** WAS **LOST**... LEPROSY, SCURVY, AND CERTAIN DISEASES THAT YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT CHILD - THAT CONCERN HUMAN REPRODUCTION -- HAD **TURNED** THE **HUMAN RACE** INTO A **RACE** OF THE **HUMAN DEAD**...

...THE **DISEASE** WAS **SUCH** THAT **FOUR OUT OF EVERY FIVE HUMANS WERE HUMAN CORPSES...**



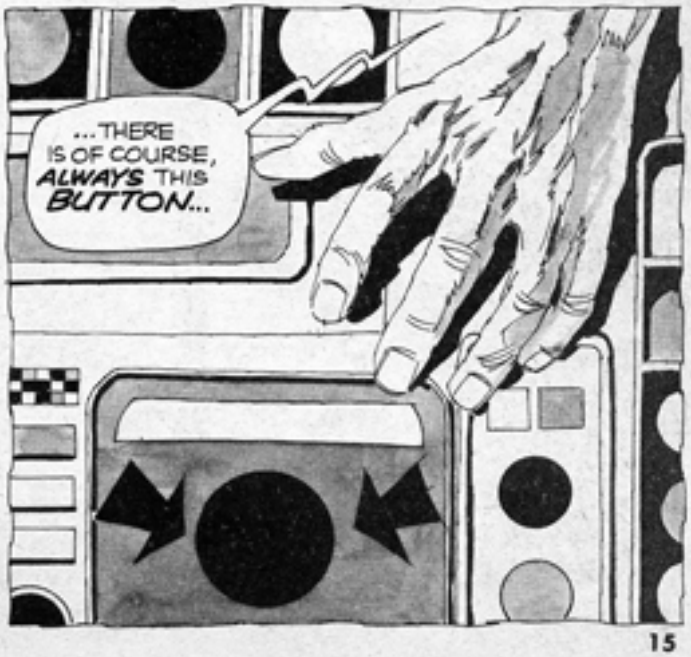
...AND THE **OTHER 20%** ARE SO **MESSED UP INTERNALLY** WE CANNOT **REPRODUCE,** WE CANNOT **HOPE** FOR A **BRIGHTER TOMORROW...** THE WORLD WILL SIMPLY GET **WORSE...** TILL HUMANITY **DIES OUT...** TILL THE **ANIMALS** OF THE **EARTH KILL EACH OTHER OFF...** TILL **CHAIN REACTIONS UNDER** THE **EARTH'S SURFACE, BEGUN 20 YEARS AGO,** CAUSE SUCH **UPHEAVALS** AS CAN ONLY **DESTROY** ANY **CIVILIZATION** THAT COULD **ENDURE** THE DISEASES...

...THE **MEN** THAT CAME FROM **SPACE...** COULD **PEOPLE** OF **EARTH** NOT GO OUT TO **SPACE TOO...** TO **ANOTHER WORLD...**
OH YES... **SOME** SHIPS HAVE LEFT EARTH... WITH **COLONIES OF PEOPLE...**
...WE DON'T KNOW WHAT **HAPPENED** TO THEM... WE NEVER HEARD FROM THEM **AGAIN...**

YOU SEE THAT MAN DOWN THERE ... IN THE ALLEY... HE'S ABOUT TO WAYLAY THAT OTHER FELLOW COMING ALONG ... HE'S GOING TO KILL HIM... MAYBE FOR MONEY... OR MAYBE FOR NO GOOD REASON AT ALL...
CAN YOU STOP HIM SIR?
YES... I CAN STOP HIM CHILD ...BUT I CAN'T STOP ALL THE OTHERS LIKE HIM...

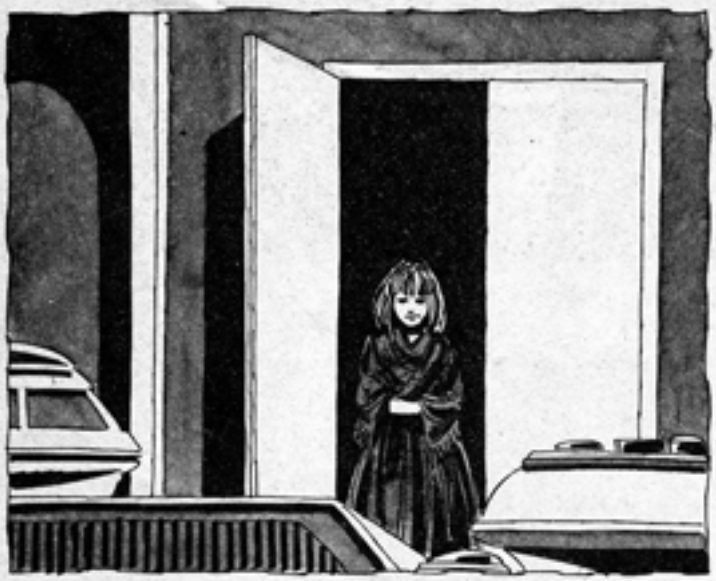
WHAAAKK!

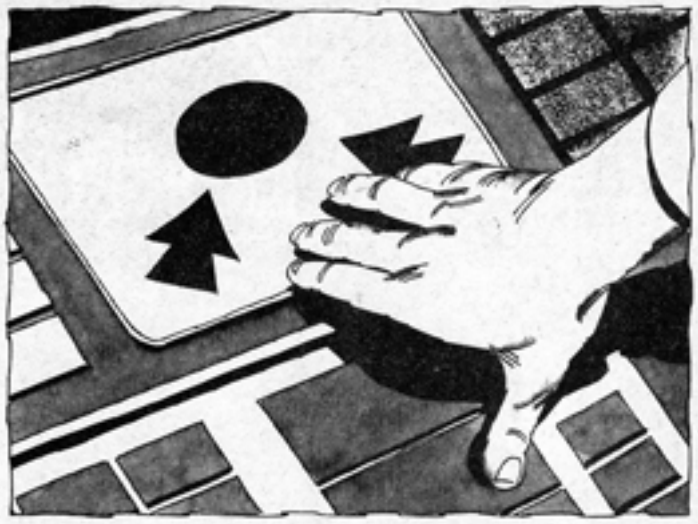
HOW CASUAL WE TAKE DEATH THESE DAYS!
WHAT WILL BE THE FUTURE SIR?
I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU OF THE FUTURE CHILD -- THERE IS NO FUTURE...


...THERE IS OF COURSE, ALWAYS THIS BUTTON...

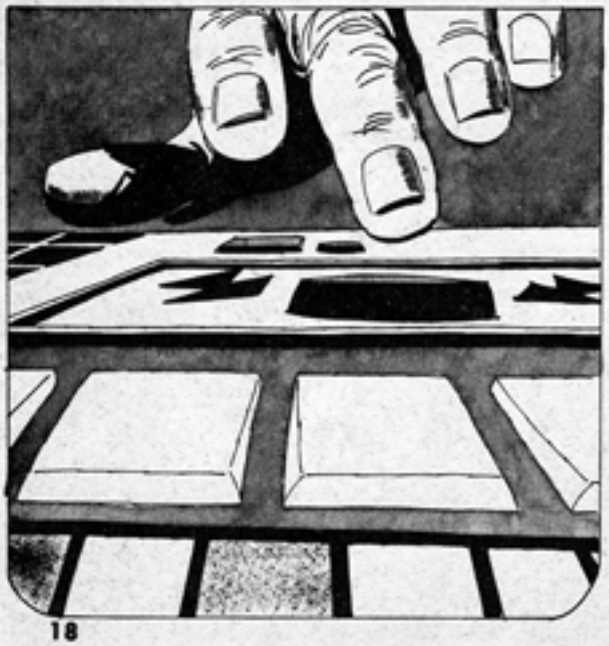
WHAT IS THE BUTTON FOR SIR?
IN THE LATE 1980'S, A NUCLEAR ARSENAL WAS BUILT UNDERGROUND IN SWITZERLAND... THERE'S ENOUGH GUTS IN THAT NUCLEAR PIT TO RIP A CHUNK OUT OF THE EARTH... HALF OF EARTH WOULD BE INSTANTLY DESTROYED... OF COURSE SUCH A CATACLYSMIC EXPLOSION WOULD DESTROY ALL EARTH...
...THIS BUTTON WOULD RELEASE THAT EXPLOSION...
I COULD LITERALLY DESTROY THE EARTH BY PUSHING THIS BUTTON... THAT'S WHY IT'S HERE... IN CASE I EVER WANT TO PUSH IT...
...I'VE THOUGHT OF PUSHING IT OFTEN... BUT OF COURSE I NEVER HAVE...
DO YOU WANT TO PUSH IT CHILD?
NO? WELL... COME ON THEN... COME HOME WITH ME... YOU MIGHT AS WELL...

DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR PARENTS ANASTASIA?
...I REMEMBER MY DADDY... I REMEMBER HIS UNIFORM...
HE'S DEAD CHILD!
YES... I KNOW HE IS DEAD!
YOU MIGHT AS WELL GO YOUR OWN WAY!





...THE *SURVIVAL INSTINCT*... *STRONG* IN *ALL HUMANS*... EVEN THE *CHILD* WHO *UNDERSTANDS NOT WHAT* SHE *DOES NOT* DO, WHO *UNDERSTANDS ONLY* THAT THERE WILL BE A *TOMORROW* IF SHE TAKES THE *MILK* AND *BREAD* OUT THE *CABINET*, STORES IN HER *POCKETS* THAT WHICH SHE DOES NOT EAT *NOW*, AND FACES THE *HORROR* IN THE *STREETS HEAD-ON*... THE *DEAD* ARE *BURIED* OR *LITTERING* THE *STREETS*... THE *SUPERDEAD* ARE *BLOWING* IN THE *ROTTING WINDS*... BUT THE *LIVING*... AH WELL, THE *LIVING* ARE STILL *LIVING*...



Demons, Monsters, and Things in THE HORROR FILM VAULT

Beginning as long ago as the beginning of motion pictures, audiences have been fascinated by actors in make-up playing out roles as Demons, Monsters and dark, unknown, undefinable things from the pit of man's own mind. Sometimes, certainly not always, make-up is made believable by the intelligence in its creation — for example, audiences fainted at the sight of Lon Chaney's make-up as the Phantom of the Opera, why? — because Chaney, who applied all his own make-up, had created a believable, albeit grotesque, image of a man whose rotted mind showed on his acid-eaten facial features. His monsters—all of them were real, his make-up was based on his knowledge of anatomy, not on the popular idea: 'let's create a fierce-looking being,' which is the downfall of so many movies that otherwise might have merit!

MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM - 1933

KWAIDAN - 1964

HAMMER made up JACQUELINE PEARCE as the REPTILE in 1966.

The 1966 British production, aptly titled IT, featured ALLAN SELLERS (it) carrying JILL HAWORTH (her) into the bog!

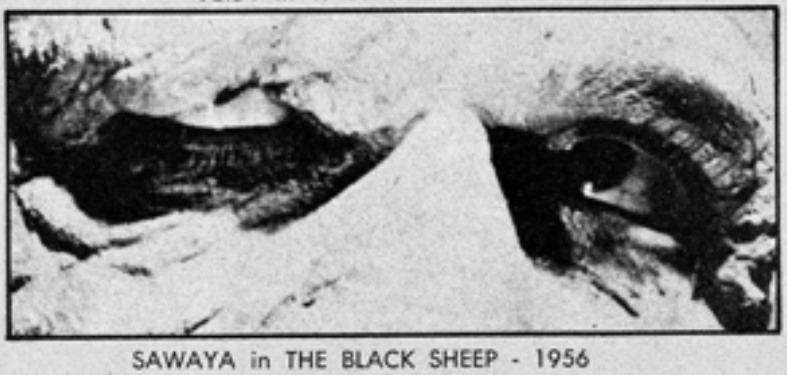
The greatest, grandest human monster of them all, the incomperable BORIS KARLOFF as FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER, 1931!

BARRYMORE as MR. HYDE - 1920

LOM in the RUE MORGUE - 1971

ACQUANETTA in CAPTIVE WILDWOMAN - 1943

VEIDT in WAXWORKS - 1924



SAWAYA in THE BLACK SHEEP - 1956

Jean Cocteaus' BEAUTY AND THE BEAST - 1945

The plot has a lot to do with a character's believability, of course, and Boris Karloff as Frankenstein enhanced the reality of his monster by keeping his mouth shut most of the time, and by merely grunting conversation when it was required. The greatest monsters of the screen, KWAIDAN, LIONEL ATWILL in MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, JOHN BARRYMORE as MR. HYDE, and CONRAD VEIDT in his many roles- THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI and WAXWORKS, are the monsters who don't flaunt their physical oddness, but who carry on their lives in spite of their mangled bodies. Who can count the number of ghouls who are more laughable than fiercesome because their whole reason for being is simply the way they look! There is much more to being a beast than just appearance, it takes that special projection of believability exhibited by the masters of the medium-the men of a million faces!

Welcome to the 20th paranoic issue of PSYCHO!

PSYCHOTIC PSYCHO MAILBAG

— a nice note from MARK KILBURN of Rt. 2, Box 438-B, ALEXANDER, Arkansas —

"Dear Archaic People — my favorite story in SCREAM #1 was HICKORY DICKORY DOCK, an AWKWARD ANALOGY" - SCREAM #2 - "THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM" - SCREAM #3 - "THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA" - SCREAM #4 - "THE LUNATIC MUMMY". Please continue your DARKKOS MANSION tales, I love them. I love your EDGAR ALLAN POE stories. Please do "THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF M. VALDEMAR" and "THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGE". Please review more Hammer Films as I love 'em. My favorite of your characters is MONSTER MONSTER. My favorite writer is Alan Hewetson - favorite artist is Maro Nava. Favorite cover is NIGHTMARE #14. Please continue your tales of PHARAOH HARMHAB. This is an exciting series! If I were to make up a title it would be "THE REVENGE OF THE ARCHAIC MUMMY". My three favorite stories in any of your three mags have been "PLOT OF DIRT" in PSYCHO #9, "GET UP AND DIE AGAIN" in SCREAM #5 and "THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA" in SCREAM #3. My favorite three SCREAM SCREEN REVIEWS have been "A LOOK BEHIND THE SCENES OF HAMMER FILM STUDIOS" in PSYCHO #9, "DRACULA 1972 A.D." in PSYCHO #13, and "DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE" in NIGHTMARE #9. You've had an interview with CHRISTOPHER LEE, are planning one with VINCENT PRICE and so I wish you could get one with PETER CUSHING."

Edgar Allan Poe's tales of horror: THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF M. VALDEMAR and THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE are being adapted now by artists CARDONA and LOPEZ, respectively, and will be published soon . . . your request for an interview with PETER CUSHING may be forthcoming, Mark — we're working on that right now so keep your fingers crossed!

C. J. LAWRENSON of WIDNES LANCS, England, writes us that his favorite all time HORROR-MOOD tales are THE 13 DEAD THINGS (many readers share this view) and GHOULS WALK AMONG US, plus THE CLASSIC CREEPS, A MAN WHO DARE NOT SLEEP, THE HIPPY CRITTERS' ARE COMIN', and I BATTLED THE VICIOUS VAMPIRE BATS OF TRANSYLVANIA AND LIVED TO TELL OF IT! coming up in 2nd place!

DAVE REIM of SPRINGFIELD Illinois writes that his favorite tale of all-time is THE RATS. This tale, which was the cover story of PSYCHO #19, is going down in history as one of the strangest horror tales ever written — namely because everything that happens is so unexpected! The weird cover art (by Villanova) was also very popular, and perhaps the grand-eloquent weirdness of the gigsaw layout may be tried again at a future date! ROSE REED of NEW YORK CITY comments that the AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VAMPIRE was "the best horror story I ever read" — a change is in sight for this particular series, which will be taken over by brand new mood-team artist BOB MARTIN, whose exciting DRACULA tale in the NIGHTMARE YEARBOOK is a joy to behold!

. . . a note of request, from LEONARD YUMAS of Nightstown, New Jersey — "first let me say my favorite artists are Ken Kelly, Boris Vallejo and Faba, and my favorite writers are Al Hewetson and Howie Anderson — now, let me make a request — I think you should re-publish or re-release all the old PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE magazines that are sold out. Every time I go to order back issues I find that they are sold out. This ruins my chances for a perfect collection. For instance, a few years ago I had PSYCHO #6 and #7, but after reading them I gave them away in trade for an Eerie and Creepy. I now realize my mistake, but I can't trade back . . ."

There's no way we can really help out, Leonard, except this gives fair warning to all serious collectors — certain back issues are out of stock and many are running out of stock now — if there's some back issue that is needed by the Skywald Collector, right now is the time to order it . . . tomorrow may really be too late — we kid you not!

. . . weird correspondence from JOSEPH VADEN HEUVEL III — "I used to be a great fan of the "Warren Magazines", but after the junk they started putting out I knew I had to find something else! Then a miracle happened I had found something new and exciting — I had found the Skywald Horror-Mood. It had great artwork and stories. Now I have a complete collection of Nightmare, Psycho, and your newest mag Scream. Can't wait for your next mag Tomb of Horror. Can you tell me how I can get a subscription to your great mags? . . . "

Subscriptions are not available at this time, for a variety of awkward reasons — we would like to operate a subscription department, because we know it would be successful, and appreciated by many readers — and so we are hoping that at some date in the future we'll happily be announcing the re-birth of a SKYWALD subscription department — for the present, we can only suggest everyone keep their eyes glued to their local HORROR - MOOD newsstand, where - regularly - all our titles appear — and wherever they don't, simply ask your newsdealer to get on the local magazine wholesalers back because that is the simplest and most guaranteed way of getting PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE and SCREAM regularly!

That's about all we have space for this issue, y'all — be sure to see the NIGHTMARE YEARBOOK and SCREAM #7, now on sale — weird magazines in the HORROR - MOOD style you've come to know, love and DEMAND!

R.I.P.

ARCHAIC AL

THE MAN WITH NO FACE!

appears in Scream #7, now on sale — the tale of a shipwreck, a single survivor, and the monstrosities he meets on a South Pacific desert isle — a mad tale of love, passion, and horror — miss it not, it's weird — illustrated by Jose Cardona!

THE VICTIMS

appear in every issue of

SCREAM

the HORROR-MOOD magazines
are pleased to welcome
a brand new artist

BOB MARTIN

— whose first tale,
THE SAGA OF
Dracula
appears in the
1974
NIGHTMARE
YEARBOOK
now on sale!
-miss it not!-

THE BURIAL OF PRIMAL

HELICOPTER BLADES WHIR, AS DAWN BREAKS ABOVE THE SOUTH-EAST ASIAN RICE CROPS. PEASANT VILLAGERS SCURRY FOR SHELTER--- FEAR OF POTENTIAL MENACE CLOGS THE AIR! TOMORROW, THE EVENTS OF TODAY WILL BE HIDDEN IN GRAY FILING CABINETS -- A GRIM STATISTIC OF WAR!! HOWEVER THE RECORD STANDS INCOMPLETE... THE MURDERERS WERE NEVER FOUND!! ONLY GRINNING, SODDEN SKULLS, WITH EYE-PITS BARE, TRACED THEIR FINAL JOURNEY THROUGH....

D'YA THINK WE SHOULDA DONE IT??

...IT WAS HORRIBLE!!

LOOK, BROOKLYN... ORDERS IS ORDERS!! WE DON'T MAKE 'EM... JUS' FOLLOW 'EM!!

WE'RE JUS' FOOT SOLDIERS... ...REGLA FIGHTIN' ISSUE!!

MMMM

BBAARROOO

KKKKRRRRRAAAAAAMMMMM

VAULT ELD!!!

YEAH! IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THAT... ...THEN ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE!!

GOTTA REMEMBER, THESE PEOPLE ARE SYMPATHIZERS... ...CAN'T TRUST A MUTHA'S SON OF THEM!!

WHATCHA MAKE OF IT, SARGE? 'PEARS QUIET ENUFF!

B'SIDES... WE GOTTA MISSION T'DO!!... ...AN' WE'RE GONNA DO IT...

...RIGHT!!!

LETS GO!! ALL 'A YA!! OUT HERE IN THE STREET!!!

WRITTEN BY ED FEDORY ILLUSTRATED BY BORRELL

YOU!!... WITH THE KID!!! OUT HERE WITH THE REST!!

WAH WAH WWWAAAAHHHH

SHRAPNEL WHINES THROUGH THE JUNGLE CREEPERS... GOTTA FIND SOMEPLACE TO DUCK'N 'COVER!!... MORTAR ROUNDS EXPLODE!!... THE RED ANGEL OF DEATH HOVERS CLOSER!!!
THE RUINS!! HEAD FOR THE RUINS!!
QUIT DRAGGIN' IT!!...
...LET'S GO!!!
KKRRRRROOOOOMMMM
BBBRRRRRAAAAAMMMM
KKKRRRROOOMMM
BBBAAARRRROOOOMMMM
SUDDENLY, A YAWNING PIT OPENS BENEATH THEIR FEET!!!...
AAAArrrrGGGGhhhh
GGGeeeeZZZLuuuuSSSS!!
BBBBBaaaaaRRRRROOOOOOMMMM

I THINK THEY UNDERSTAND TOO MUCH, SARGE!!
YOU PEASANTS ARE GONNA DIG A TRENCH...
...ANYONE WISES-OFF OR MAKES TROUBLE...
...WE'LL SHOOT THE LOTTA YA!!...
...UNNERSTAN'?!!
GOOD!!
A LITTLE FEAR IS GOOD FOR THE SPIRIT!!...
...NOW DIG!!!
KKKRRRROOOOONNNNNhhhh
KKRRRRUUUUUhhhhh
KKKrrrruuuuuNNNNNhhh
WWWWAAAAAhhhhh
WWAAAAAAHHHHH
WE'RE REALLY GONNA DO IT, EH SARGE?!
CRUUNNHHH
SSCCRROOOOOCCCCHHH
THERE WAS NEVER ANY QUESTION!
WE'VE GOT OUR ORDERS!!

THE MUSTY AIR IS RIFE WITH THE STENCH OF ROTTEN FLESH, AS HUMAN SKULLS GLEAM IN THEIR NEW-FOUND SUNLIGHT!!...
Y'OKAY, SARGE?!
YEAH!
WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?!
SOME SORTA TOMB!
GONNA HAVETA FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT...
...THE VINES ARE TOO WEAK!!
'YOU SURE THOSE ARE OUR ORDERS?!
CCCRRRROOOOHHHHhhhh
KKRRRRRUUUNNNhhhhh
SSSCCCRRRROOOCCCHHH
CRUUNNHHHH
WAAAH WAAAAAAAHHHHHH
'CORDIN' TA H.Q....
...THEMS AS KNOWS!!
THERE!! LOOKS LIKE SOME KINDA DOOR!!
TERRIFIC!! IT PROBABLY LEADS TO SOME CHAMBERS IN THAT OLD TEMPLE!!
AHHH!! PRETTY SOON... ...FRESH AIR!!
WELL, IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!!
...YEAH...
CCrrrooonnnHHH
KKrruuunnnnhhh
CCrrunHH
CCrrrruuuuunnnnnHHHHH
WAH WWAAAAAhhhh WAH

SHE'S OPENING!!!
SHE'S OPENING!!!
UUUNNNGGGHHH!
UUNNNGGGHHHH!!!
KEEP PULLIN'!! LOOKS LIKE DAYLIGHT ON T'OTHER SIDE!!--
PULL!!!
AWRIGHT!! I SAID ALL 'A YA!!
NOW LET'S MOVE!!!
CLICKCLIKCLIK
CLIKCLIKCLIK
IT WAS THE DIGGING OF SOMETHING LESS LIKE A TRENCH--MORE AKIN TO A GRAVE!!!
PAKKAA PAKAPAKA
BBDDDRRRiiiPPP
PAKA PAKKKAA BBDDRRiiiPPP
BBBDDDRRRiiiPPP
PAKKA PAKKA
BBBDDRiiiPP
EEEEYYYAAAAHHH
iiiiiiiiiEEEEEEEE
AAARRGGGHHH
WWWAAAHHH WWWAAAAAHHH
YYYAAAAiiiiiEEEE
IT IS STRANGE THAT SOME DIE IN INNOCENCE, AND ARE DOOMED TO SENSELESS GRAVES!! IT IS IRONIC THAT MANY SLIDE THROUGH LIFE ON THE PATHS TO HELL---BUT, IT IS JUSTICE THAT DESTINES SOME FEW TO STRUGGLE TO GAIN ENTRANCE!!!
AAAARRRGGGHHHH
iiiiiiiiiiEEEEEEEE
PAKKA PAKKA
BBBDDDRRRiiiiiPPP
BBBDDDRRRiiiiPPP
PAKKA PAKKA

Horror-Mood Artist of the Month

MAELO CINTRON

Macabre MAELO CINTRON, artistic - author of THE HUMAN GARGOYLES series, and illustrator for some of the finest short stories ever published in these HORROR-MOOD pages, defines the Horror-Mood more than any other artist in the Mood-Team! His brilliant exercise of imagination, his feeling for graphic melo-drama and his sensitivity make him the most-talked-about and exciting artist in PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE and SCREAM! Shown on these pages are scenes from his many tales of horror, which incorporate, in subject matter, everything from putrid corpses to baby gargoyles! American-born Cintron lives with his wife and children in the New York City Area. The former art director for a New York Publishing Company, Maelo Cintron is now a full-time Skywald contributer — his future works include the Gargoyle series, many special tales of the macabre, and strange illustrations for the letters editorial pages of all our titles which he's presently designing. Miss them not!

from Cintron's : THE SKELETON IN THE DESERT!

THE HUMAN GARGOYLES, by Maelo Cintron

a scene from : NOW-ANOTHER MANIAC!

from Cintron's weird tale:
PETER PIPER PICKED A PECK OF PICKLED CORPSES!

ZOO FOR THE BEASTS OF THE UNIVERSE!

. . . it was a thing come up from within the earth to devour us — we who inhabit the surface . . . the strong come up to eat the meek . . .

illustrated by Maelo Cintron

The RED DEATH
HAD SO LONG DEVASTATED THE COUNTRY...
...NO PESTILENCE HAD EVER BEEN SO FATAL, OR SO HIDEOUS...
...IT MADE NO DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE RICH AND THE POOR...

WRITTEN BY EDGAR ALLAN POE
ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE

...AND THE DISEASE CAME UPON EACH PERSON INSTANTLY...AND BROUGHT HIM TO DEATH'S DOOR IN WRETCHED HORROR WITHIN A SINGLE HALF-HOUR...
...THE MASTER IS STRICKENED... WHAT CAN WE DO?
...WE MUST FLEE!
...BUT WHERE?...IT IS CONTAGIOUS... OUR SKIN IS ALREADY CONTAMINATED...
MY GOD... CAN'T BREATHE... SKIN COVERED IN SCALES...
MY SKIN IS ROTTING!
SO STARTS THE CLASSIC TALE OF HORROR...
THE MASQUE OF RED DEATH

...BUT THE PRINCE PROSPERO WAS HAPPY... WHEN HIS DOMINIONS WERE HALF-DEPOPULATED, HE SUMMONED A THOUSAND FRIENDS FROM AMONG THE KNIGHTS AND DAMES OF HIS COURT, AND WITH THESE RETIRED TO THE DEEP SECLUSION OF ONE OF HIS CASTELLATED ABBEYS...
...THIS WAS AN EXTENSIVE AND MAGNIFICENT STRUCTURE, THE CREATION OF THE PRINCE'S OWN ECCENTRIC TASTE...A STRONG AND LOFTY WALL GIRDLED IT IN... THIS WALL HAD GATES OF IRON... THE GUESTS, HAVING ENTERED, BROUGHT FURNACES AND HAMMERS AND WELDED THE BOLTS...THEY RESOLVED TO LEAVE NEITHER MEANS OF INGRESS NOR EGRESS TO THE SUDDEN IMPULSES OF DESPAIR OR OF FRENZY FROM WITHIN...WITHOUT... WAS THE "RED DEATH!"

...MY FRIENDS...
...OUTSIDE THE PLAGUE STILL KILLS...
...INSIDE HERE, WE ARE SAFE AND SECURE...YET WE HAVE VAULTED OURSELVES UP HERE A HALF-YEAR...
...AND WE GROW WEARY AND TIRED OF EACH OTHER'S FACES...SO I ANNOUNCE THAT ON THE MORROW WE WILL HAVE A GREAT BALL WITH FOOD AND WINE...
...FOR WE SHALL MASK OUR FACES AND MAKE OUR ENTERTAINMENT AS ENJOYABLE AS OUR SECLUSION PERMITS!
...THE GUESTS FORGOT THE PESTILENCE WITHOUT... CAME THE NIGHT OF THE BALL, THEY DRESSED IN THEIR FINEST GOWNS, THEY LAUGHED AT THE BUFFOONS AND BALLET DANCERS...THEY REVELLED IN THEIR OWN BEAUTY AND DRANK THE WINE TILL IT SPILLED OUT THEIR GLUTTED EARS...

...SO... I SHALL BE THE FIRST TO UNMASK...
...WHO SHALL FOLLOW ME NEXT?
BUT EVERYONE'S ATTENTION IS DRAWN TOWARDS A DOORWAY...
WHO DARES? WHO DARES MOCK THE PRESENCE OF THE RED DEATH AROUND US?...

...THE CROWD WAS SURPRISED... TERRIFIED WITH HORROR AND DISGUST... AS THE MASK OF THE STRANGER WAS THE COUNTENANCE OF THE DISEASE WHICH THEY HAD ATTEMPTED TO FLEE...
WHO ARE YOU? WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER? WHO ARE YOU?
...BUT THE STRANGER HAD GONE SO FAR AS TO ASSUME THE TYPE OF THE RED DEATH...HIS VESTURE WAS DABBLED IN BLOOD...AND HIS BROAD BROW, WITH THE FEATURES OF THE FACE WAS BESPRINKLED WITH SCARLET HORROR...
I DEMAND TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE...
ANSWER ME!

DON'T...DON'T... DON'T TOUCH ME...THO' YOU ARE ONLY THUS DISGUISED AS SOME SORT OF JOKE, I WILL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU... DON'T TOUCH ME!!
WHO ARE YOU? WHO DARES INSULT US WITH THIS BLASPHEMOUS MOCKERY!!... SEIZE HIM!!
...SEIZE HIM AND UNMASK HIM!!
...THAT WE MAY KNOW WHOM WE HAVE TO HANG AT SUNRISE... FROM THE BATTLEMENTS...
...NONE PUT FORTH A HAND IN ORDER TO SEIZE HIM...
...WHO... WHAT ARE YOU??

YOU INSOLENT WRETCH...
...I'LL KILL YOU FOR RUINING THIS GREAT BALL...I'LL KILL YOU!!
...PROSPERO RAISES THE DAGGER...
...BUT FINDS HIMSELF STRICKEN WITH THE PLAGUE...

...THERE WAS A SHARP CRY--AND THE DAGGER DROPPED GLEAMING UPON THE SABLE CARPET, UPON WHICH, INSTANTLY AFTERWARDS, FELL PROSTRATE IN DEATH THE PRINCE PROSPERO...
...THEN, SUMMONING THE WILD COURAGE OF DESPAIR, A THRONG OF THE REVELLERS AT ONCE THREW THEMSELVES UPON THE STRANGER...
...NOW WAS ACKNOWLEDGED THE PRESENCE OF RED DEATH... HE HAD COME LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT-THE SERVANT OF SATAN... DEATH HIMSELF...TO PUNISH...AND ONE BY ONE DROPPED THE REVELLERS IN THE MIDST OF THEIR REVEL...THEN DARKNESS AND DECAY AND THE RED DEATH HELD ILLIMITABLE DOMINION OVER ALL...
THEY GASPED IN UNUTTERABLE HORROR AT FINDING THE GRAVE-CEREMENTS AND CORPSE-LIKE MASK WHICH THEY HANDLED WITH SO VIOLENT A RUDENESS, UNTENANTED BY ANY TANGIBLE FORM...

THE LEGENDS GIVE HIM MANY NAMES, AND THE NAMES VARY ACCORDING TO REGION... YETI... BIGFOOT... ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN. HE IS SAID TO BE PERHAPS THE MISSING LINK IN THE EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS.
IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN THAT WHEN HE IS FOUND, AND EXAMINED BY OUR MOST LEARNED MEN, THAT THE ANSWERS TO MANY QUESTIONS WILL BECOME KNOWN TO US. WILL THEY?
TOMORROW
THE SNOWMAN
WILL KILL YOU!
WRITTEN BY AUGUSTINE FUNNELL
ILLUSTRATED BY COLLADO
WILL WE REALLY KNOW ANY MORE ABOUT THEM? BUT MORE IMPORTANT, WILL OUR LEARNED MEN EVER GET TO EXAMINE ONE? NO, IT IS NOT LIKELY, FOR MANKIND STILL LIVES WITH THE FEAR OF ALL AROUND HIM, AND HE WILL NEVER OUTGROW THAT FEAR. NEVER!
SO WHY DO TWO MEN LIKE TODD WILLIAMS AND BEN MATHENSON MAKE THE JOURNEY INTO THE WASTELANDS TO CATCH SUCH A CREATURE? THE ANSWER IS A SIMPLE ONE, AND IT LIES WITHIN EACH OF US.
GREED. THERE IS NO OTHER EXCUSE FOR TWO MEN TO LEAVE THE WARM COMFORTS OF HOME FOR A BARREN PATCH OF FROZEN HELL SUCH AS THIS.
THERE IS NO OTHER REASON!
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEN. I FIGURE A WEEK AT MOST... WE'LL HAVE ONE OF THE YETI! WE CAN TAKE HIM BACK WITH US AND THEN THINGS WILL START HAPPENING. JUST THINK OF IT! ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD... WE'LL HAVE ANYTHING WE WANT. WOMEN... MAN, THEY'LL BE CRAWLIN' AT OUR FEET!
YEAH... IT'S SURE NICE TO THINK ABOUT ALL RIGHT... WE'LL BE SOMEBODIES THEN. WON'T HAVE TO TAKE ANYTHING OFF ANYBODY! WE'LL BE THE BIG SHOTS!
HEY... CLOSE THAT FLAP... IT'S GETTIN' PRETTY COLD IN HERE!
HE CLOSES THE FLAP, AND IN THE EERIE GLOW OF THE LAMP, THEY PREPARE TO BED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT. THEY TALK SOME MORE ABOUT WHAT LIFE WILL BE LIKE, AND AS THEY TALK, THEIR GREED REACHES OUT... OUT INTO THE NIGHT WHERE THERE IS NOTHING BUT THE WIND, ITS SIGHING RINGING IN THEIR EARS, AND AT TIMES, IT ALMOST SEEMS TO CRY... BUT IF THEY HEAR, THE HUNTERS GIVE NO SIGN OF IT. AND THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, THERE CONTINUES THE WAILING...

BUT THERE ARE OTHER THINGS THAN THE WIND ON THE MOVE THIS NIGHT. THINGS MUCH MORE HORRIBLE THAN THE IMAGINED WORDS ON THE LATE-NIGHT GALE. THINGS THAT MOVE... AND KILL!
BUT KILLING IS NOT ON THEIR MINDS THIS EVE. THEY MERELY WONDER WHAT IS INSIDE THE STRANGE CONTRAPTION THAT HAS SPRUNG UP IN THEIR LAND. AND SO, THEY MOVE AROUND IT...
...EXAMINE IT, BUT THEY DO NOT ONCE TOUCH IT. THEY ONLY WONDER... AND IF IT IS POSSIBLE, THEY HOPE... HOPE THAT WHATEVER IS INSIDE THIS STRANGE ODDITY BEFORE THEM, IT WILL NOT BE LIKE WHAT WAS IN THE LAST ONE... FOR IF IT IS THE SAME...
...THERE WILL BE NOTHING BUT DEATH BEFORE THE NEXT SUNSET! THEY MOVE AWAY, SLOWLY, THEIR MONSTROUS FEET LEAVING THE TRACKS THAT HAVE MADE THEM FAMOUS...
AND AGAIN THERE IS ONLY THE WIND BLOWING FIERCELY ACROSS THE LAND. AGAIN, THERE IS ONLY A SIGHING VOICE CALLING OUT... BUT THERE ARE NO EARS TO HEAR THE WARNING!

MORNING... AND ONLY THE FAINTEST OF TRACES AS TO WHAT HAD HAPPENED HOURS BEFORE. BUT THOSE TRACES ARE ENOUGH!
HUH? WHAT IS IT?
BEN! GET OVER HERE!
LOOK AT THESE TRACKS! THOSE MONSTERS WERE HERE LAST NIGHT WHEN WE WERE SLEEPING!
A WONDER THEY DIDN'T KILL US. MAYBE THEY WERE AFRAID OF THE TENT... THEY'RE ONLY ANIMALS!
THEY LEAVE THEIR CAMPSITE QUICKLY, INTENT NOW ON HUNTING DOWN THE BIGGEST GAME OF THEIR LIVES. THE GAME THAT WILL BRING THEM EVERYTHING THEY HAVE EVER WANTED. AND WHILE THEY HURRY THROUGH THE SNOW, THEY DREAM... OF WEALTH... PROSPERITY.
WHEN WE GET BACK I WON'T HAVE TO TAKE ANYTHING OFF MARY. MATTER OF FACT, MIGHT EVEN KICK HER OUT! SURE... WHY NOT? I'LL BE ABLE TO GET A DOZEN WOMEN... DON'T NEED AN OLD HAG LIKE HER ANYWAY!
DOESN'T MATTER WHY THEY DIDN'T KILL US... THEY JUST DIDN'T. C'MON... SOME OF THOSE TRACKS ARE STILL CLEAR. MAYBE WE CAN TRACK 'EM DOWN.

THE SUN MAKES HALF ITS JOURNEY THROUGH THE SKY, AND STILL THERE IS NOTHING MORE THAN HALF-FILLED TRACKS TO GUIDE THEM. BUT THEY WALK ON, THEIR GREED DRIVING THEM THROUGH THE COLD WHERE NOTHING ELSE COULD!
LOOK! IT'S THEM! WE'VE FOUND THE MONSTERS!
AND WHEN THE SUN HAS ALMOST COMPLETED ITS DAILY ROUTINE, THEY ARE STILL WALKING, STILL TRAILING AN ELUSIVE PREY. DEEP, DARK SHADOWS FALL AROUND THEM, BUT NO NOTICE IS PAID TO THEM.
TODD... MAYBE WE'D BETTER STOP FOR A WHILE... GET SOMETHING TO EAT FROM OUR PACKS.
YEAH... IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY. I GUESS WE CAN...
ALL THOUGHT OF FOOD IS FORGOTTEN AS THEY RACE THROUGH THE SNOW, THEIR RIFLES HELD TIGHTLY. IT DOES NOT SEEM STRANGE TO THEM THAT THE YETI REMAIN STILL, NOT RUNNING IN FEAR.
THEY SEE ONLY THEIR PREY AS THEY RUN. THEIR PREY... FILTHY ANIMALS STANDING IN THE SNOW, WAITING FOR A BULLET TO SMASH ITS WAY THROUGH THEIR SKULLS!
THEY MOVE CLOSER, WALKING SLOWLY NOW, JUST IN CASE THE FILTHY ANIMALS BECOME AFRAID. NOW IT STRIKES THEM AS STRANGE THAT THE CREATURES ARE NOT ATTACKING, FOR AFTER ALL, ISN'T THAT WHAT ALL MINDLESS BEASTS DO?
GOO! WEIRD LOOKIN' THINGS. PROBABLY DON'T EVEN KNOW ENOUGH TO BE SCARED. WELL, WE'LL SOON FIX THAT!
CAREFUL NOW... DON'T WANT TO SCARE THEM.

THEY RAISE THEIR RIFLES SLOWLY, EACH MAN TAKING CAREFUL AIM AT THE HEAD OF ONE OF THE YETI. THE SECONDS DRAG BY, SLOWLY, AS THEY MAKE SURE THE SIGHT IS TRUE. AND THEN...
...THEN, THEY FEEL THEIR FINGERS STIFFEN. THEY ARE RIGID... THEY CANNOT MOVE. WAVES OF FEAR FLOOD OVER THEM AS THEY WATCH THE YETI MOVE CLOSER, CLOSER, CLOSER!
AND THEN, THE CREATURES ARE BESIDE THEM... WATCHING... EXAMINING. THEY LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER AND SHAKE THEIR HEADS. THE MEN WANT TO SCREAM AS THEY LOOK INTO THOSE ANIMAL EYES, BUT THEY CAN'T! AND AS THEY GAZE INTO THE COLOURLESS ORBS, THEY KNOW! AND THEY CAN FEEL THEMSELVES BEING FORCED TO FACE EACH OTHER.
THEY CAN DO NOTHING BUT OBEY... TURN AND AIM THE RIFLE AT THE OTHER! BUT THAT IS NOT THE TRUE HORROR, THE TRUE HORROR IS KNOWING EXACTLY WHAT THE YETI ARE...
...KNOWING THAT THEY ARE NOT THE MISSING LINK IN MAN'S EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS, KNOWING THAT THEY ARE NOT ANIMALS... AND KNOWING THAT THEY THEMSELVES ARE GOING... TO DIE!
THERE IS SILENCE IN THE BARREN WASTELAND. THREE CREATURES, NOT FROM MAN'S PAST, BUT FROM HIS FUTURE... WHAT MAN WILL BE... TURN SLOWLY AND WALK AWAY. AFTER ALL... THOSE HIGHEST ON THE EVOLUTIONARY SCALE HAVE NO USE FOR THOSE ON THE BOTTOM... ALIVE OR DEAD!

...THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA... 1973...
...DON'T YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE MAA-R IS HAWKINS?...
...AS I TOLD YOU... NO... I KNOW ONLY WHAT IS TOLD BY LEGEND AND THE WHISPERINGS OF THE NATIVES... ...THE LOST CITY OF MAA-R IS SOMEWHERE IN THIS AREA... IF IT EVEN EXISTS AT ALL...
...SO STARTS OUR TALE OF A LOYAL WOMAN'S SEARCH FOR HER LOST HUSBAND IN THIS JUNGLE HELL WHERE THE UNKNOWN IS A WAY OF LIFE... SO STARTS HER SEARCH WHICH WILL END IN A...
REQUIEM FOR A HUMAN BEING
...MY HUSBAND WAS CONVINCED IT EXISTED... THAT'S WHY HE CAME TO THIS COUNTRY A YEAR AGO...
...PERHAPS THAT'S WHY HE DIDN'T RETURN...
...YOU MEAN THE LEGEND OF HORROR THEY TELL ABOUT THIS PLACE ARE TRUE... THE MONSTERS OF MAA-R SWALLOWED HIM UP?... ...I DON'T BELIEVE THAT...
SO... YOU ARE BENT ON SEARCHING FOR YOUR LOST HUSBAND... THAT MUCH I UNDERSTAND... ...BUT WHY BRING YOUR TWO CHILDREN ALONG... EXPOSING THEM TO DANGERS NEITHER YOU NOR I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT?...
...THERE ARE NO DANGERS HERE THAT DON'T INHABIT THE SIDEWALKS WHERE THEY LIVE... NEW YORK IS AS DANGEROUS AS THIS PLACE HAWKINS... ...IT WILL DO THEM GOOD TO TREK THESE JUNGLES...

WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY BORRELL

...WHEN WE RETURN TO OUR HOMES? OUR SEARCH FOR FORBIDDEN CITY TOO LONG...
...THAT'S NOT YOUR PROBLEM, IS IT? YOU'RE JUST SCARED OF THE SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT LOST MAA-R...
...THE TALES TOLD US OF MAA-R BY OUR FORE-FATHERS ARE EVIL... IT IS SAID THE PLACE IS DWELLED BY EVIL MONSTERS...
...WE WOULD NOT WANT TO FIND OUT THE STORIES ARE TRUE, TOO LATE TO SAVE OUR LIVES...
...YOU BELIEVE THOSE STUPID TALES OF BAT-GODS?
...STAY QUIET CHILDREN...TRY TO SLEEP...I'LL STOP THEM TALKING...
...THERE'S NOTHING TO BE FRIGHTENED OF OUT HERE...
...THE BAT-GODS WERE ONCE MEN... THEY WERE SO EVIL THEY WERE MADE INTO MONSTERS BY AN ALL-POWERFUL DEMON WHO RULES THEM AS A KING...
RUBISH...STOP TALKING SUCH RUBBISH... IF THERE IS A LOST CITY OF MAA-R IT IS NO MORE INHABITED BY BAT-MONSTERS THAN THIS JUNGLE AROUND US THAT YOU'VE KNOWN ALL YOUR LIVES...
...I DON'T THINK THEY'LL LAST MUCH LONGER MRS! ...AT THE FIRST SIGN OF DANGER THEY'LL RUN HOME...
...DO YOUR BEST HAWKINS... ...TRY TO KEEP THEM IN LINE, AS BEST YOU CAN...
...THE WOMAN IS RIGHT... ...AND WHEN WE FIND THE PLACE--OR THIS WOMAN'S HUSBAND-- THE RICH WOMAN WILL PAY YOU WELL...

...THE SEARCH CONTINUES... LONG DAY AFTER LONG STEAMING DAY... AND EACH NIGHT THE NATIVES TALK OF RETURNING HOME...
HAWKINS... MY LORD!!
...MY GUN... CAN'T GET AT MY GUN...
DO SOMETHING HELP HIM!
...IT IS DEMON-GOD... WE DARE NOT ATTACK HIM... ...THE WRATH OF THE GODS WOULD BE TERRIBLE...
BDAAAM BAAAM BDAM BDAM BDAM

OH LORD-- IT'S TOO LATE... HAWKIN'S IS DEAD!

WE GO HOME NOW... GODS ARE ANGRY AT DEATH OF SON... WILL KILL US ALL...
...NO... WE MUST GO ON...

...WE GO HOME NOW... YOU COME WITH US TO SAFETY...
NO... I CAME TO FIND MY HUSBAND... ...AND I WILL...

...COME CHILDREN...
...WOMAN IS MAD... SHE AND CHILDREN WILL DIE...

...COME CHILDREN...
...IT IS NOT OUR FAULT WHAT A MADWOMAN DOES...

MAMA...I'M HUNGRY!
...IT'S GETTING DARK MOMMY... I'M SO TIRED AND SO FRIGHTENED...
...DON'T BE FRIGHTENED CHILDREN...YOU SEE UP THERE? ...THAT CAVE?... ...WE'LL CLIMP UPTHERE AND BE SAFE FOR THE NIGHT... ...AND I'LL COOK US SOME POOD AND WE'LL HAVE A NICE MEAL...
...I WONDER WHAT YOUR FATHER'S BEEN EATING THIS LAST WHILE MARK... ...HIS SUPLIES WOULD'VE RUN OUT MONTHS AGO... COULD HE SURVIVE IN THIS JUNGLE HELL?
...I'M SO TIRED OF BEANS MAMA...
OH LORD... I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF JIM'S ALIVE OR DEAD!!
...DON'T CRY MOMMY... ...DON'T CRY...
...THEY SLEPT THE NIGHT OUT IN THAT CAVE ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN... THEIR DREAMS WERE NIGHTMARES OF JUNGLE ABOMINATIONS... THEIR HOPES TO FIND THE HUSBAND AND THE FATHER WERE DIM, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THEIR JOURNEY--THEY BEGAN TO THINK OF NEW YORK AS THE SAFEST, SANEST PLACE ON EARTH...

...BUT IN THE MORNING WHEN THEY AWOKE THE SIGHT BELOW WAS A GIFT OF GOD...
CHILDREN... WAKE-UP... WAKE-UP... ...LOOK WHAT'S BELOW...
MOMMY... IS THAT THE CITY?
...YES... THAT'S THE CITY... ...AND PERHAPS THERE WE'LL AT LAST FIND YOUR FATHER... ...PRAY TO GOD THAT WE DO...
...THOSE MONSTROUS BATS HOVERING OVERHEAD... ...NOW WE KNOW WHERE THE LEGENDS CAME FROM...
I'M FRIGHTENED MOMMY!
...I'M SURE THEY'RE QUITE HARMLESS... DON'T BE FRIGHTENED...

...A HUMAN SKELETON... ...OH LORD
...COULD IT BE DADDY?
...IT COULD BE...BUT WE MUSTN'T LEAP TO CONCLUSIONS...
AAAHELPMOMMY!
...THAT LARGE BAT... BEATING THE OTHERS AWAY...
...IT SEEMS... ALMOST INTELLIGENT... ...DON'T BE FRIGHTENED CHILDREN... I DON'T THINK IT WANTS TO HARM US... I THINK IT WANTS US TO FOLLOW IT...
...THE DEMON-BAT MOTIONED THE TRIO TO FOLLOW IT TO THE RUINS OF A GREAT TEMPLE OF MAA-R... AND THERE TO ENTER...

...A BOOK... CONTAINING A SINGLE PASSAGE... WRITTEN IN SEVERAL LANGUAGES... ONE IN ENGLISH...
...LISTEN CHILDREN... ...LISTEN TO THIS...
...WELCOME TO THE FORBIDDEN CITY OF MAA-R ...THE PLACE YOU WILL SPEND OUT YOUR LIFE... ...WHATEVER YOU HAVE HEARD OF THIS PLACE IS NOT TRUE--THIS IS A PLACE OF PEACE AND SERENITY WHERE SOCIETY LIVES IN SUBLIME COMFORT AND HAPPINESS...
...YOU HEARD IT WAS A PLACE OF EVIL... THOSE LEGENDS WERE FABRICATED BY THE CITY FOUNDERS TO KEEP THE WORLD AWAY FROM US...
...THERE ARE MANY QUESTIONS ON YOUR MIND... ALL WILL BE ANSWERED WITH THE PASAGE OF TIME... ...ONLY ONE WILL BE ANSWERED NOW--WHY IT IS YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE... YOU ARE A GOOD PERSON OR YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO ENTER THE TEMPLE...
...AS YOU COME TO KNOW THIS PLACE YOU WILL NEVER WANT TO LEAVE...
...THE WRITING IN THE BOOK CONCLUDES... "...YOU ARE NOW ONE OF US CITIZENS AND PROTECTORS OF MAA-R... MAY YOU KNOW THE PEACE AND CONTENTMENT YOU NEVER KNEW IN THE WORLD WITHOUT...
...THE SEARCH IS ENDED... A FAMILY IS RE-UNITED AND THE TALE IS OVER... BUT A SEQUEL TO THIS TALE WILL YET BE TOLD--AWAIT: "IN THE JUNGLE OF THE BATS..." WHEN WE WILL RETURN TO LEARN WHAT HAPPENS TO THIS MACABRE FAMILY, IN A YEAR TOMORROW...

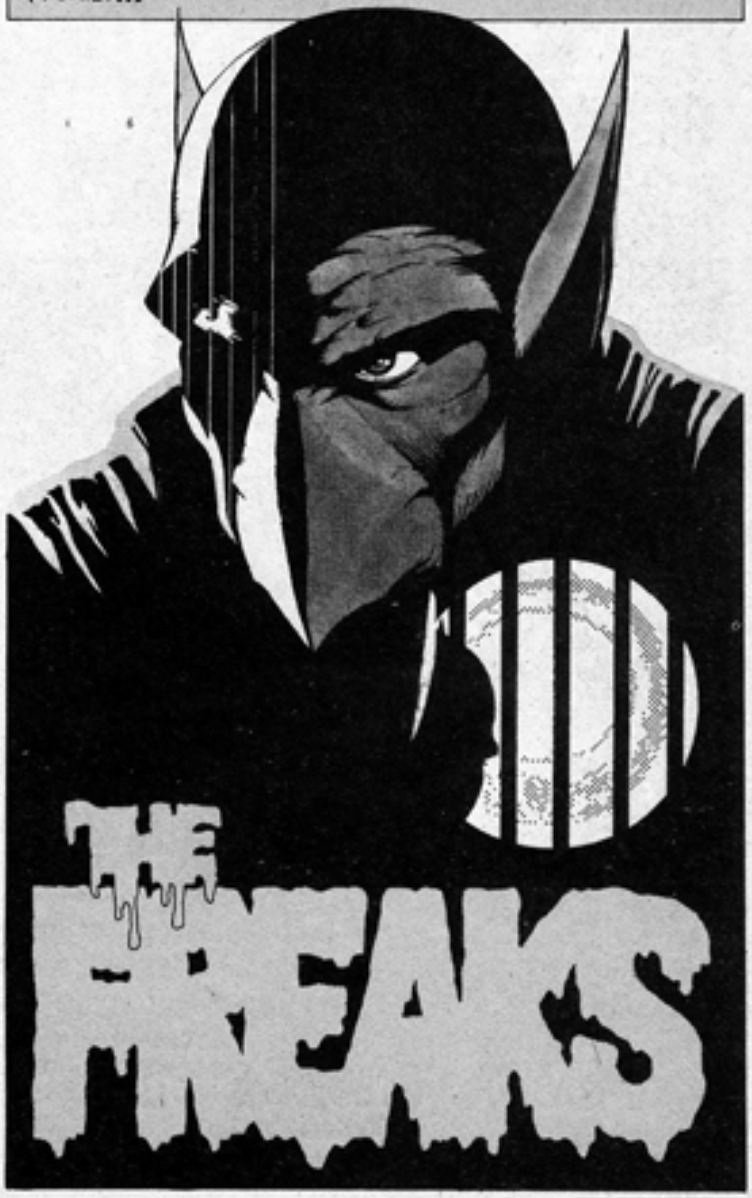
THIS MAN-GARGOYLE IS NOT ASLEEP, THO' HE MIGHT SEEM TO BE, HE IS THINKING...

...ABOUT WHY HE IS HERE IN JAIL...

...WONDERING ABOUT HIS WOMAN MINA AND HIS SON ANDREW ...WONDERING IF THEY'RE SAFE AND MANAGING TO SURVIVE IN CITY-MANHATTAN OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS...

WONDERING IF HIS FUTURE WILL BE ANY DIFFERENT FROM HIS PAST...WONDERING IF THE WORLD OUTSIDE WILL EVER ACCEPT SATAN'S PLOYS AS HIS EXCUSE FOR HIS ACTIONS...

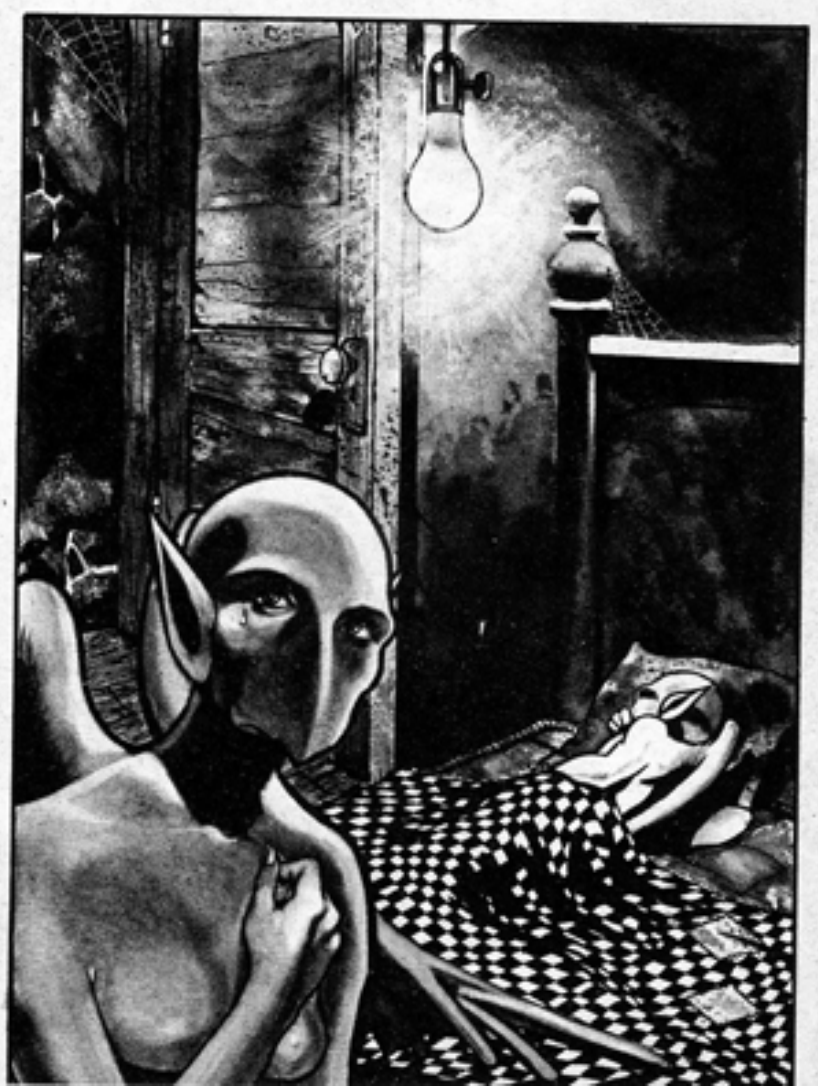
...BUT THEN HE COMES TO REALIZE THE WORLD DOESN'T WANT EXCUSES BECAUSE IT COULDN'T CARE LESS...IT JUST QUICKLY LABELS A MAN WITH A NUMBER AND CALLS HIS FAMILY...



WRITTEN BY ALAN MEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY MAELO CINTRON

YOU HAVE A COUPLE OF VISITORS, SARTYROS.
MINA MY LOVE!
HEY... NO TOUCHING... YOU CAN TALK... BUT DO NOT TOUCH...
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MINA?
YES, EDWARD... WE HAVE A SMALL HOTEL ROOM... THE HOTEL THOMSON... WE'RE OKAY... ARE YOU OKAY?
HOW WILL YOU FARE?
YES... I'M OKAY... THE TRIAL IS A COUPLE OF DAYS AWAY... NOT THE TRIAL... I MEAN THE HEARING... THEY DECIDE IF I CAN GO OUT ON BAIL OR NOT... THE TRIAL WON'T BE FOR A WEEK...
...I DON'T KNOW... WITH JUDGE WALLACE SPEAKING FOR ME I SHOULD BE OUT ON BAIL AT LEAST...
DADDY...

ALL RIGHT... TIME'S UP...
...HEH HEH...
COME ON, ANDREW...



WELL, COME ON, ANDREW...LET'S STOP FEELING SORRY FOR OURSELVES AND GO TO THE RESTAURANT FOR SOME FOOD!
HANGURGER...
...UGLH...
...EAT YOUR SOUP PROPERLY, ANDREW...
...EXCUSE ME...AREN'T YOU MRS. SARTYROS...
YES?
...MY NAME IS PAUL HAWKINS ...I'M A REPORTER FOR THE GAZETTE... I'VE BEEN COVERING YOUR TRIAL...AH...MAY I SIT DOWN, MRS. SARTYROS?
YES, ALL RIGHT...
...I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU...
THANK YOU... BUT WE DON'T NEED YOUR PITY, MR. HAWKINS...
...WE HAVE PITY ENOUGH FOR OURSELVES...
I DIDN'T QUITE MEAN THAT...
WHAT I MEANT WAS I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR PLIGHT... BELIEVE ME, I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR CASE FROM THE START AND PROBABLY KNOW MORE THAN ANYONE ABOUT YOU...
...I BELIEVE MR. SARTYROS IS A VICTIM AND I KNOW A WAY HE CAN CONVINCE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE OF HIS INNOCENCE...
YOU DO? HOW?
...YOUR HUSBAND CAN TELL THE PUBLIC BY WRITING AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY...

WRITE A *BOOK?*

I CAN'T EVEN SIGN MY *OWN NAME...*

BUT I CAN *HELP YOU* SIR... I CAN WORK *WITH YOU* AND YOU CAN TELL YOUR STORY SO THAT THE PEOPLE WILL *UNDERSTAND...*

I *LIKE* YOU, MR. HAWKINS AND I *TRUST* YOU...

...DON'T *EVER* LET ME DOWN...

NO...

IN THE FEW DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, WHILE AWAITING HIS TRIAL, EDWARD SPOKE INTO PAUL HAWKIN'S TAPE RECORDER, TELLING OF HIS ORIGIN *CENTURIES* BEFORE, AND OF HIS *BIRTH* ONLY *MONTHS* BEFORE...

HE TOLD *EVERYTHING* HE HAD EXPERIENCED, AND OF HIS BELIEFS ABOUT THE PERSECUTIONS OF *SATAN,* AND IN THE PROCESS BECAME GOOD FRIENDS WITH THE MAN HAWKINS, WHO CAME TO REGARD THE *HUMAN GARGOYLE* AS MORE *MAN* THAN *GARGOYLE...*

...IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE THE TRIAL THAT THE *CALM* WAS BROKEN...

HEY, *SARTYROS...*

YES?

THE *THOMSON HOTEL... WHY?*

WHAT *HOTEL* IS YOUR *WIFE* STAYING AT?

...WE'VE BEEN *CALLING* HER THERE ALL DAY TO TELL HER ABOUT THE *TRIAL TIME* TOMORROW AND SHE'S *NOT THERE...*

...OH MY *GOD...* MY *GOD...*

NOT *MINA* AND *ANDREW...*

...*NO...*

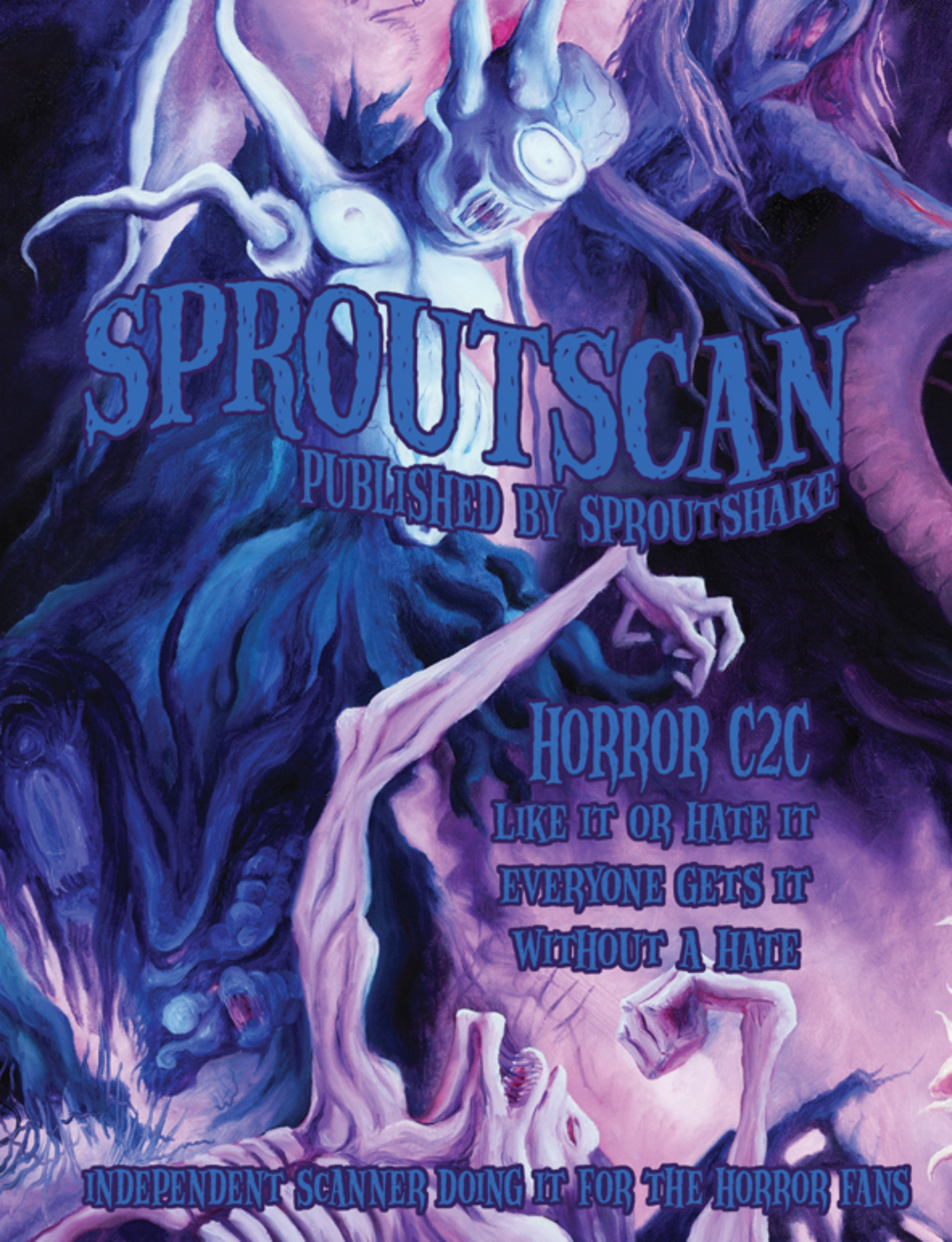
...THERE'S NOTHING WRONG, EDWARD...
NOTHING WRONG?
...HE'S GOT THEM...
SATAN'S GOT THEM!!
...I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR HIM TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS...I KNEW IT...I KNEW IT...
DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH, EDWARD... LET ME GO AND FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG...
NO!
...ONCE AGAIN SATAN HAS PLOTTED AGAINST ME...THIS TIME HE PLANS TO HAVE ME MISS MY TRIAL BY KIDNAPPING MY WIFE AND SON...
...DON'T YOU SEE, PAUL...
...I HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE...
NO, EDWARD... DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE...THEY'LL KILL YOU...
UGH

STOP...
I SAID STOP!
BAM
BAMM
UCHHH!
HAVE YOU HAD ENOUGH?

NO!
UHHH
HOW DO I FIND THEM?
...I GUESS THE FIRST PLACE TO LOOK IS THE HOTEL ROOM...
EDWARD!
...DADDY DADDY...
I GOT A JOB, EDWARD...TO SUPPORT US WHILE YOU WERE IN JAIL...AT A DAY-NURSERY WHERE ANDREW HAS OTHER CHILDREN TO PLAY WITH...I DON'T FINISH WORK UNTIL AFTER SIX O'CLOCK...
MINA...I THOUGHT...I THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN KIDNAPPED!
BUT WHY?
...THE POLICE HAVE BEEN CALLING YOU ALL DAY... WHERE WERE YOU?

HOLD IT, SARTYROS!!
I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE NOW...I'LL GO BACK WITH YOU...
CIKK CKK
HE DID IT AGAIN...THAT FIEND SATAN DID IT AGAIN...WITHOUT EVEN LIFTING A FINGER...
...NO, EDWARD... IT WAS YOU...
YES, EDWARD... MR. HAWKINS IS RIGHT...YOU LEAPED TO THE WRONG CONCLUSION...
THAT ISN'T TRUE...DON'T YOU SEE? THIS IS HOW SATAN WANTED IT TO LOOK...AS IF IT WAS MY MIND! AS IF I'M FABRICATING MY CONFLICT WITH HIM...
...BUT YOU KNOW THAT ISN'T TRUE DON'T YOU, FIEND-SATAN...
...WELL, I WARN YOU, MISERY-MASTER, YOU WON'T BEAT ME INTO THE GROUND BY YOUR MONSTERS OR YOUR FOUL INSINUATIONS AGAINST MY SANITY...
...YOU WON'T WIN YOUR WAR AGAINST ME...
I WILL WIN!

next: I, GARGOYLE


SPROUTSCAN
PUBLISHED BY SPROUTSHAKE
HORROR C2C
LIKE IT OR HATE IT
EVERYONE GETS IT
WITHOUT A HATE
INDEPENDENT SCANNER DOING IT FOR THE HORROR FANS